

## Old Dog Tray

The morn of life is past  
And evening comes at last  
It brings me a dream of a once happy <sup>day</sup>  
Of many forms I've seen  
Upon the village green  
While sporting with my old dog Tray.

The forms I called my own  
Have vanished one by one  
The loved ones - the dear ones <sup>passed away</sup> have all  
Their happy smiles have flown  
Their gentle voices gone  
I've nothing left - but old dog Tray

When I thought recall the past  
His eyes are on me cast

I know that he feels what my heart <sup>would say</sup> faint  
Although he cannot speak

I'll vainly, vainly seek  
A better friend than old dog Gray  
Oh

Old dog Gray is ever faithful  
Grief cannot drive him away  
How gentle he is and

I'll never, never forget  
A better friend than old dog Gray  
Forever